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JOHN BULL AFTER US AGAIN.

UNCLE SAM.—I swan! That feller can't seem to let me alone—I'll hev to fire him out ag'in!



PUCK,  
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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 24th, 1889. — No. 646.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE SUGGESTION, made by some ingenious and mysterious European notable, that the next Pope of Rome may possibly be an American, has stimulated the imagination of many active-minded journalists, and has probably had a mildly exciting effect on the spirits of those faithful sons of the Church who still believe in a possible restoration of the temporal power of the Supreme Pontiff. That an American Pope, enthroned in Rome, would be what the theatrical people call an "attraction" can not be denied. Whatever the masses of Protestant America may think of the Pope — or of the necessity of having any Pope at all — he is certainly, considered as the chief inhabitant of the Vatican, a very imposing, interesting and aristocratic figure. He has, so to speak, a style about him such as pertains to no European monarch. Even the haughty Czar of Russia has to travel about on special railroad trains, like any common American millionaire, kissing his brother potentates on both cheeks whenever they appear at the junction stations. This last can not be altogether a pleasant job, and it certainly awakens the jeers of the populace and moves to contempt the members of races who believe that a kiss where two sexes are not united is an unnecessary and offensive performance — like buttering butter, for instance, or offering two contiguous slices of bread for a sandwich.

But the Pope takes no railroad journeys and kisses no casual sovereigns. He sits at home in his palace, and the toe of his embroidered slipper is kissed by the thronging faithful. He is attired in robes of unspeakable richness, and when he has anything to say he says it in Latin. In all possible ways he presents such a spectacle of dignified grandeur that the other great ones of the earth look quite shabby and commonplace



### A MISUNDERSTOOD EXCLAMATION.

GENTLE APPLICANT. — I read your advertisement for a governess, and I have called to see about it.

PROFESSOR VON GREUTZ. — So?

GENTLE APPLICANT. — Yes, a little, and I'm a daisy knitter, besides.

beside him. If America could really produce such a lace-robed and tiara-crowned autocrat, it would be strange indeed if the select four hundreds of our large cities did not instantly dethrone poor Albert Edward and set up the new idol in his place. What chance would a stout, elderly gentleman in a frock coat stand against pontifical magnificence? What need would there be to look for our ideal of lofty humanity to the heir apparent of the British throne, if we had an American magnate who would, so to speak, sweep the Prince of Wales into oblivion with the tail of his robe?

And if the various select four hundreds were thus affected, what would be the stimulus applied to the hundreds of thousands of Hibernian descent who have made America their home and kept up their worship of an Italian Pope? They have the happy faculty of being Irishmen and Americans at one and the same time — with the Irishman noticeably preponderating. Now, the Irishman in them is a Roman Catholic, and if you ally the American in them with the papacy, you have a combination which is about 90 per cent. Roman to 10 per cent. of combined Irish and American. With this combination, it is not to be wondered at if they should dream of a Roman Catholic America — which would be, to all intents and purposes, an Irish Catholic America.

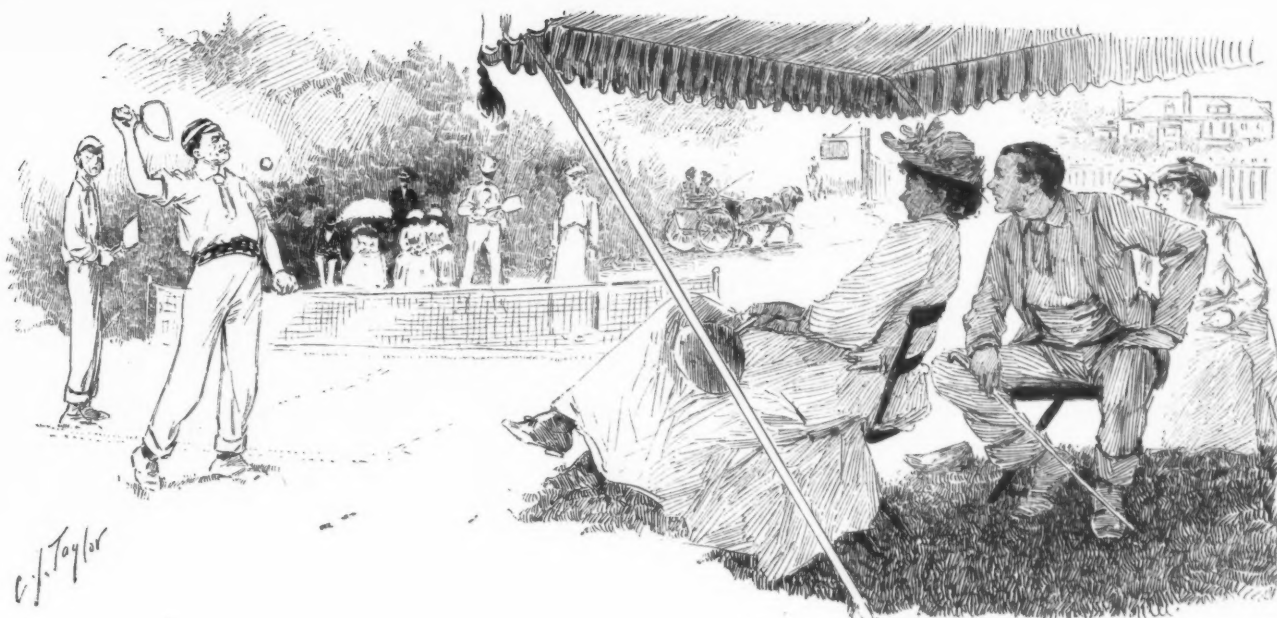
Is it a dream that is beyond all possibility? We think so. We can not imagine any combination of circumstances, as things stand at present, which would make possible the union of any church with our American state — least of all can we imagine any combination of circumstances which would make possible the union of the Roman Catholic church with our state. The sentiment of the people is too strong, too nearly unanimous, to bring such a union within the bounds of possibility. It may be attempted. Our children may live to see the attempt made. But, if it ever is made, they will certainly see more good Catholics opposing it than supporting it. The American idea is a great educator.

We say frankly that we can not believe that any attempt will be made in our lifetime — that it is unlikely that any attempt will be made in our children's lifetime — to place our federal state under the control of the Roman Catholic church, directly or indirectly — vast as might be the advantage to that church, clear as her intention may seem to many excellent citizens who are in the habit of looking upon her and speaking of her as the "Scarlet Woman." That it would be a very pleasant and comfortable thing for the Roman Catholic church if it could establish ecclesiastical and temporal power in the United States, we have no manner of doubt. That the church can safely undertake any such job in the United States we have all manner of doubt, for the best reason in the world — just simply because the United States is the United States, and the United States is no place for any such undertaking.

So far, so good. You wholly agree with us, don't you, you good Americans who read this page? But do you consider that if you ever gave a good chance to the Roman Catholics who would like to see the temporal powers of the Pope established in this country as it was once established in European countries, you are giving it now? If you allow the President, whom you elect, to use his high office solely for the purpose of building up a Republican party organization, designed to control the government and, in case of necessity, to counteract the power of the people at the polls; if you allow him to turn men out of office and to substitute others, not because the men turned out were not good and efficient public servants, but because the men turned in will help him to re-election; if you allow him to disregard the needs of the whole country, and to devote the whole power that you have placed in his hands to making his party your permanent rulers, you are doing for him just what you might do for a Roman Catholic President who was determined to establish the temporal power of the Pope in the United States.

But, you say, a Roman Catholic, with this purpose never could be elected President of the United States. True. But why should you know, before his election, that he had that purpose? Why should you know, even, that he was a Roman Catholic? The man whom you elected last November was well-nigh unknown to you. Before his election he pledged his word that fitness should be the sole test in his appointments to office, and that the men he would select to manage your public business should be selected to serve you well and faithfully. You elected him, and he has thrown his pledges to the wind. It is notorious that he has kept neither the letter nor the spirit of his promises. It is obvious that the party leaders who put him in power never expected that he would. They put him where he is that he might help the Republican party to get a lasting grip on the United States government. Yet, before election, he declared to the people that he had no such intention. Why should not a Roman Catholic do for his church what this Republican has done for his party? We would not suffer it? Perhaps not. But why do we suffer this? And why do we allow in a Republican the same tyrannous disregard of public rights that we would resent in a Roman Catholic? And, as a matter of practical business, if one can grab the whole government, what excuse will you find for stopping the other if he tries to do the same thing?





## TRoubled TENNIS.

[A tennis court. GEORGE is about to begin serving in a set of doubles. GLADYS and GEORGE'S RIVAL are watching the game from a lawn tent in his immediate vicinity.]

GEORGE'S RIVAL.—How comfortable we are here! It's much more pleasant to look on—sometimes.

GLADYS.—Yes, sometimes. Especially now, when— (Her voice drops to an indistinct murmur.)

GEORGE (aside).—"Especially now, when—" When what? When I'm playing, so that I can't speak to her? When she is n't playing, so that she does n't have to play with me? When he is n't playing, nor she either, so that they can talk together? When—

HARRY (one of GEORGE'S opponents).—Come, old man, it'll be sunset in three hours.

SIBYL (the other).—Please make haste. We are tired of waiting.

GEORGE'S PARTNER (who very reluctantly consented to become such).—Goodness! Are you never going to begin?

GEORGE (flurried).—Oh, I really beg pardon! Play! (Blindly bangs ball.)

HARRY.—Fault! It's gone out of sight.

SIBYL.—Did n't I hear a pane of glass break at the house?

GEORGE'S PARTNER.—Yes, indeed. They'll be dreadfully vexed. All that glass was specially imported, you know.

GLADYS.—Ha, ha!

GEORGE'S RIVAL.—Huh!

GEORGE (choking).—P-Play! (Serves again—about one-puppy power, this time.)

HARRY.—Net! Double!

GEORGE'S RIVAL.—Some people never can learn to serve well.

GLADYS.—And it's very annoying, don't you think? Now, your serving is something admirable. I wish you'd—

[GEORGE is about to serve again, but stands nervously awaiting close of above sentence.]

GLADYS.—Teach me how to do it.

GEORGE'S OPPONENTS and PARTNER (in chorus).—Come! Come!

GEORGE (in partial prostration of the intellect).—Oh, certainly! By all means! Why not?

GLADYS.—To-morrow afternoon, then? You're very kind. Come about four, and you'll stay to dinner afterward, of course.

GEORGE (squirming with jealousy).—Confound it!

GEORGE'S PARTNER.—Upon my word, sir!

HARRY (coming to net).—S—t, George! Brace up! The girls are getting suspicious!

GEORGE.—I'm awfully sorry. Excuse me. Play! (Makes another double, knocking both balls over some rather lofty trees.)

HARRY.—Love—thirty. I say, Miss Sibyl, we're hardly needed to win the game.

SIBYL (petulantly).—No. We might as well sit down. I don't call this tennis.

GEORGE'S PARTNER.—Disgraceful!

GEORGE (with a paralytic smile).—I—I'm afraid I'm not in very good form to-day. (Loquacious silence.)

[By good fortune the next ball goes right, and is in play between HARRY and GEORGE'S PARTNER. Meanwhile—]

GEORGE'S RIVAL.—You're a little severe upon the poor fellow—ha, ha! But, then, I must admit—

GEORGE (aside).—Was she speaking of me? Oh, I'd like to murder that fellow, and I will, too, if he—

GEORGE'S PARTNER (screaming).—E-e-e-e-ch! Look out! Look out! Oh!

GEORGE (dazed).—Wh-what is it?

HARRY.—Love—forty, that's all. (Winks violently at GEORGE.)

GEORGE'S PARTNER.—That ball passed not six inches from your nose!

GEORGE (idiotically).—I—I—th-think I s-saw it!

GEORGE'S PARTNER (with crushing scorn).—Ah, indeed?

SIBYL (significantly).—Perhaps you're not quite—well?

HARRY (in a "Hush, hush!" way).—Never mind, Miss Sibyl, never mind!

[GEORGE, foggily conscious that something is the matter, tries to pull himself together, but—]

GLADYS.—You surprise me. But certainly he's very queer.

GEORGE'S RIVAL.—Sorry to say so; and it's not my habit to call attention to such things, yet—

GEORGE'S PARTNER.—Oh! Oh! Oh!

HARRY.—Fifteen—forty.

GEORGE (aside).—They mean me this time, I know! What things are "such things?"

GEORGE'S PARTNER (in repressed wrath).—I beg you, sir, to make some effort, at least, and not oblige me to play the whole game alone.

SIBYL.—Oh, is n't this awful!

GEORGE'S PARTNER.—And if you wish to stop here—

GEORGE (galvanically gay).—I? Oh, no! Why, I'm enjoying it immensely. Perfectly jolly sport, I assure you!

GEORGE'S PARTNER.—Possibly. It's not my opinion, however.

HARRY (uneasily).—Let's hurry up and get through.

GEORGE'S RIVAL.—Never knew him this way before—I'll say that for him.

GLADYS.—I'm glad something can be said for him.

GEORGE (aside).—I'd give a thousand dollars to know what this means. (Serves.)

HARRY (greatly relieved).—Double! Game!

GEORGE'S PARTNER.—I won't go on with the set, I think. I'm very tired.

SIBYL (with compliant haste).—So am I. I'm quite worn out. And, besides, we must go, Sophie.

[They hurry off without taking any notice of GEORGE, who has n't the slightest idea what it all means.]

GLADYS (rising).—The girls have gone. I must do the same.

GEORGE'S RIVAL.—Permit me—

[GLADYS bows graciously to HARRY, quite ignoring GEORGE, and departs with RIVAL.]

HARRY (confidentially).—Now we're alone, old man, I must say I'm surprised at you. Never would have believed it—would n't, really.

Next time don't try to play tennis after—

GEORGE (completely bewildered).—Eh? What do you mean?

HARRY (magisterially).—After luncheon.

GEORGE (light, or rather the blackest of darkness breaking on him).—What? Do you think—did they think—does she think—that I'm—

HARRY (smiling knowingly).—Come and get an ammonia with seltzer, George!

Manley H. Pike.

PUCK.

## THE SAILOR'S RESOLVE.



A SAILOR on the topsail yard,  
While reefing, softly sings:  
"I'd rather pick some cherries here,  
Than pull on these 'ere strings.

"I'd sooner of a kicking mule  
Be undisputed boss,  
Than haul this weather-ear-ring out  
On this 'ere Flemish hoss.

"I'd rather steer my Betsey Jane  
Up to the altar rail,  
Than be aloft on this 'ere night,  
A-reefing this 'ere sail.

"I swear that when I get ashore  
I'll splice that lovely lass,  
Buy that aforesaid mule as kicks,  
And peddle garden sass."

J. H. C.

## THE LATEST "IN SOCIETY."

CAMP NO. 20, CLAN-NA-GAEL, gave a delightful entertainment last Tuesday evening for the benefit of the professional Irish sufferers from idleness and impecuniosity in the United States. The Senior Guardian acted as Master of Ceremonies, and it is unnecessary to say that it proved one of the most delightful affairs of the season. A large audience was present, among whom were observed a great many well-known politicians, and a few Scotland Yard detectives.

The orchestra opened the entertainment with a capital rendition of the murder music from Verdi's opera of "Macbeth."

Mr. John Houlihan read an admirable *resumé* of Edgar A. Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," which elicited well-deserved applause.

Mr. Mike O'Flaherty followed with a well sung bass solo entitled, "Down Among the Dead Men," which was much applauded for its delicate time-liness.

Mr. Pat. Burke delighted those present with a series of apt selections from De Quincey's essay on "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts."

Miss Bridget Cooney, the charming soprano, sang that familiar aria, "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs," with a new interpretation and deep emotion.

Mr. Jimmy Mulcahey read a thoughtful essay on Cain, in which he took the position that the removal of Abel was justified by the political exigencies of the times. His paper was received with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Mickey Delaney delivered an appreciative tribute to the memory of Old Man Bender and his interesting family, which, as it contained much valuable suggestion for the future guidance of the Clan, was ordered to be filed with the records.

"The Life and Character of Jesse James" formed the subject of an exceptionally instructive paper by Mr. Martin Rooney.

A spirited debate then ensued on the question, "Whether Jack, the Ripper, can be Regarded as a True Homicidal Artist?" This was one of the most interesting features of the programme.

A letter was received from Mr. Patrick Egan, in which he tendered his services gratis as treasurer of the receipts taken in at the entertainment.

A committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the regret of the Clan at the suicide of the Indiana Irishman who preferred death to a failure to get a Federal office. President Harrison was severely censured.

Letters of regret were received from Messrs. Martin Burke, Dan Coughlin, P. O. Sullivan, and Patsy Cooney, the latter requesting that



## A SUMMER IDYL; OR, VOICES AND FACES.

FIRST CITY YOUNG LADY.—  
Listen, Flo, how sweetly the  
children sing!

SECOND CITY YOUNG LADY.—  
Ah, Gladys, what would I not  
give to be one of those happy,  
happy children!



## STARTLED.

MISS TATTING (*one of the summer-boarders*).—Why don't you play? It's your serve, Mr. Chantilly.

MR. CHANTILLY (*on a week's vacation*).—Um—er—beg pardon—er—oh, yes, excuse me. (*Aside.*) I thought for a moment that woodpecker was the head of the lace department rapping on the counter.

for private reasons the post-office mark on his letter should be destroyed. This request was received with good-humored applause.

The Senior Guardian then announced that collections would be taken up for the Alexander Sullivan fund, the Coughlin fund, the Burke fund, the Cooney the Fox fund, the P. O. Sullivan fund, the Removal fund, and the Spread the Drinks fund, in order to help along the glorious cause of Home Rule in Ireland.

After the collection, the orchestra played a dead march, and the entertainment came to an end.

Walker Kennedy.



"THOSE HAPPY, HAPPY CHILDREN."



## ON SOUTH FIFTH AVENUE.

SWEET FACE, a-watching the trains go by  
With never-ceasing clatter and grime,  
Rudely eclipsing part of your sky,  
Deign to be theme for an idle rhyme.



Did ever a single distant note,  
Borne up by the midnight breeze  
from the bay  
From a whistling, fog-bound ferry-  
boat,  
Bring visions of salt waves, far  
away  
From marts of sordid selling and  
buying,  
Of white sails calmly gliding  
along,  
Of beaches where silvery gulls are  
flying,  
Where the ocean sings an eter-  
nal song?

Do you ever long to exchange your room  
For the shade of a tree in a field of clover?  
Do you ever dream of an orchard in bloom,  
And the music of bees that ramble it over?  
Would you like to scent the breath of the morning  
In the green woods of a mountain pass,  
And wander at will where you'd see no warning  
Of trespass, or sign reading: "Keep off the grass!"

Sweet face, a-watching the trains go by,  
Unconscious theme of an idle rhyme,  
If I have correctly described your sigh,  
Then I am with you every time.

Kemper Bocock.

## FUN WITH THE OLD MAN.

HE WAS A meek-looking old gentleman from the country, and as he took his seat at the dining-room table, the drummers looked at him over their soup-spoons. They noted his weather-beaten face, his wet hair carefully parted and brushed around over his ears, and his air of diffidence as he nervously fingered his fork; and when the waiter girl stood demurely at his side and winked at the boot-and-shoe man, they were all attention.

"Soup?" she asked.

The old man seemed a bit surprised at the brevity of the bill of



## HIS LULLABY.

FINGLEWEISER. — Don'd maig so mooch noise mit  
dot vash-board, Katrine! I vos dryin' to put dot leedle  
babe to shleep.

fare, and fidgeted about as though waiting for her to say something more.

"Would you like some soup?" said the girl, with a side-glance at the coffee-and-spice man.

"I ain't particular about soup as I know of," answered the old man.

"Boil' mutt'n capersauce, roas' beef, r's' lamb, r's' veal, fricasee chick'n, cole ham-tongue, chick'n-salad, fritters, boil' 'n' baked p'tatus," said the girl with lightning-like rapidity.

The old man looked kind of helpless, and the boys felt a little sorry for him as he kept his eyes fastened on the fork, which he shoved from side to side with his fingers.

"I guess I'll take — I guess you'll have to say that again," he said, looking up, and the girl rattled the whole thing off in exactly the same time as before.

The old man looked 'round the table, and caught sight of a drummer winking at the girl; then he jerked his head around, and looking her straight in the face, he said:

"You may gimme s'm bile cornbeef 'n' cabbage, roas' beef, veal 'n' mutt'n, cole chick'n 'n' turkey 'n' tongue, 'n' s'm' ham 'n' eggs 'n' codfish-cakes 'n' sassage 'n' beefsteak 'n' a piece o' punkin pie 'n' cup o' coffee, sis; 'n' now see ef yer kin make yer little legs fly 's fast as ye kin yer tongue, for I want'er git home; there's a shower comin' up."

The girl hesitated, turned red, and then made a break for the kitchen, while the drummers laughed and the old man gazed out of the window at the gathering clouds.

## THEIR NEED.

INVENTOR. — Eureka! Eure —

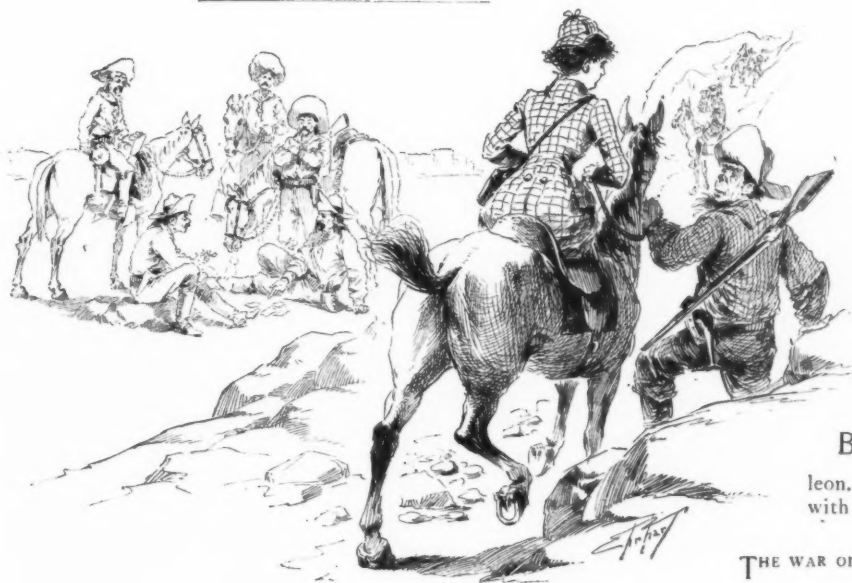
KANSAS RUSTLER. — What air you Eurekerin' about?

INVENTOR. — I have just completed my duplex indicator, a little instrument that will inform its possessor of the approach of a cyclone before —

RUSTLER. — Wal, you've wasted yer time.

Nobody'll buy. What we want yere is a indicator that'll inform its possessor of the approach of a Eastern capitalist soon 's he gits across the county line, an' give the feller with the indicator time to grab up his corner lot deeds, an' git to the capitalist 'fore anybody else knows he's comin'.

BABY McKEE, it is reported, has shown a disposition to be a fighter. So did the baby Napoleon. These imperialistic tendencies should be watched with a careful eye.



## HARD AND HARDY.

FAIR TOURIST. — Oh, how interesting! Those are real cowboys, are n't they? What hardy, rugged creatures they are! I suppose their every-day life is fraught with the greatest dangers.

GUIDE. — Yis, Mum; 't was only last week we hung three of 'im for horse-stealin'.

THE WAR on the bustle has ended in a peace of waist paper.

BEFORE APPOINTMENT, the man seeks the office. After appointment, the office seeks the man, especially on base-ball afternoons.

MAN CHARGES the debit of his profit and loss account to Fate; but the credit he takes to himself. This is true in the moral as well as the material world.

## THE ARABIAN TRAVELER.

## LETTER V.



MOHAMMED BEN ALI to Ismail Mustapha, love that dieth not and greetings of great joy.

Behold, the wisdom of the land of sand and pomegranates hath stood me in great stead this day; whereof, I now sit me down to write unto thee the true and touching story. To-day I was walking in the street called Broadway, because it is so narrow and overcrowded, near the street called Canal, because it hath no canal near it, when a benevolent-looking stranger, with a long, white beard, accosted me, saying:

"Hello, Sheik Abdallah, how are you?"

"I am not the Sheik Abdallah," said I, "and I marvel that thou

didst ever hear of him. I am simply Mohammed Ben

Ali, a merchant of Bagdad."

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but you look just like the Sheik Abdallah, who used to travel with Barnum."

I passed on, and had gone but a few yards, when another benevolent-looking stranger, wearing a large black moustache and a great diamond, accosted me, saying:

"Why, I am sure this must be Mohammed Ben Ali, of Bagdad."

"That is true," said I; "but how didst thou know it?"

"My friend, Boswell Poor, traveled in the East, and met you in Bagdad. If you will come around to my office, I'll send for him."

Now, Son of the Nightingale, my memory recalled no such man, but I thought it best to go. He took me through many streets, and at last to a small, poorly-lighted room, where we found another man sitting.

"Where's Boswell?" asked this man.

"I don't know," said my new friend; "let us send for him."

"So saying, he went to the door and called into the hallway:

"John, go and tell Mr. Poor to come around at once."

I saw no boy in the hall as we entered, and when he had called he closed the door and locked it. I was now suspicious, and I obtained possession of the key by means which thou knowest. My new friend sat down and whistled. Suddenly he said to the man at the table:

"Say, Jim, what's the matter with having a little game while we wait for Boswell?"

"I'll go you," said the other.

Then he produced some cards, and, selecting three, one of which was an ace, by a dexterous movement of the hands spread them out, face downward, on the table. My friend bet a dollar he could pick out the ace, and he promptly did so. This was repeated several times, and then, seeing that it was what they desired, I offered to bet. The man with the cards distributed them clumsily, so that I could easily see which was the ace, and I won. This was repeated thrice. Then the man with the cards appeared to lose his temper, and bet me five dollars that I could not do it the next time. Now, O Nephew of the Pomegranate! did I, as we are in the habit of saying in the mosque, scent the rodent; but knowing that I possessed all the magic of our people, I smiled and took up the bet. This time the man distributed the cards very skillfully. Truly he must have studied this foolish art with long labor. I permitted him to win. Then I bet him that I could do it the next time. And I did. He seemed a trifle disconcerted, and he laughed with difficulty. I was still four dollars ahead of the game. Once more I bet him, and this time I per-



## COULD N'T BE DENIED.

SALLY DEWITT.—The girls are going to publish a manuscript magazine. We don't know what to call it.  
LAUNT ENNIS.—Why not choose *Postscript* for a name?  
SALLY DEWITT.—Why?  
LAUNT ENNIS.—Because then there would sure to be something in it.



## A PERSONAL REFLECTION.

McTODE.—Jimmie, Jimmie, come over here wid yer spear, quick! I just saw the biggest devil av a bull-frog that ever was, a-lookin' roight at me!

mitted him to win. The next time I won. This went on for a quarter of an hour, and I was still four dollars ahead. The man with the cards began to perspire. We tried it once more. I pointed out the card at the left as the ace.

"Wrong," said the man; "it's here."

And he turned up the card at the right. But it was a king. Then he turned up the one at the left, and it was the ace. I see thee smile as thou readest of my doing this old, old trick. But the man did not smile.

"There's some trick here," he said.

"Surely," said I, with great innocence, "no one could suspect trickery in this place."

I was now nine dollars ahead; but my manner reassured my friend, and we went at it again. This time—I see thee smile again—no ace could be found at all.

"You duffer," said the man who took me there, "you've dropped it."

They searched on the floor, but could not find it. When they lifted their heads again, they beheld the ace standing on end on the table and dancing. Brother of the Pyramids, I blush to tell thee that I practised this aged trick on these unsuspecting strangers; but I was anxious to measure the depths of their ignorance. They sprang to their feet and turned pale.

"What alarms you, friends?" I said; "there is a draught from the window which blows the cards about. Let us close it."

That reassured them, and they closed the window. Then we began again. Once more the ace was missing. While they searched on the floor again, I determined now to bring to my aid our true art. The room began to grow dark. On the wall a luminous spot appeared. I bade them look at it; and, as they did so, I caused a large image of the ace to appear. The two men turned deadly pale. Then I caused aces to appear all over the room, dancing and glowing.

"Holy herring!" exclaimed one of the men; "we've buncoed old Nick!"

With that they made a rush for the door. But I had the key. The room began to fill with sulphurous smoke. The two men could not breathe. With a wild yell they hurled themselves through the window into the street, and, bleeding from many cuts, fled for their lives.

As for me, I put out the sulphur fire which I had kindled behind a chair, removed the wet handkerchief from my mouth, gathered up my cards and my mirrors, and departed in peace, fourteen dollars ahead of the game.

Verily, Descendant of the Prophet, when thou goest abroad, always carry the apparatus of our eastern art with thee.

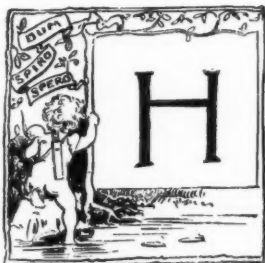




#### DEAD TO THE WORLD.

"Great Caesar! Is it possible that that's Tom Denby who has just passed us? Why, he used to be one of the best dressed and most fastidious men in town!"  
 "Ah, yes; but he's been living in New Jersey for the last two years."

#### IN NEW HAVEN.



HE TURNED STERNLY from the slight quivering figure, convulsed with sobs, and leaning his elbows on the mantel-piece, gazed darkly into the empty grate.

"Then it is true?" he said, as the frown deepened on his brow.

"Forgive me!" she sobbed, rocking to and fro in her grief and abasement.

"But you told me you had never loved before—that no man had ever stirred your heart."

"Not as I have loved you!" she cried wildly.

"And yet you admit that you were engaged to Ferguson, of the class of '87?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"And that before that you had had an understanding with Williamson of '86?"

"Yes."

"And with Graham of '85?"

"No, no," she cried, "not with *him*—with both his brothers in the Sheffield Scientific—but not with him."

"But you were engaged to Sandiman of '85?" he went on, referring to a letter in his hand.

"Can you not forgive me?" she pleaded.

"I could, Clara," he said, after a pause; "I believe I could bring myself to it if that were all. But you were also engaged to McHaffy of '84?"

"Ah!" she cried, feebly, "do not spurn me from you!"

"What have you to say for yourself?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"Speak, woman!"

She rose to her full height, and looked at him with a pathetic dignity in her glance.

"Ah, George," she said, "you little know the exigencies of a young girl's life in a college town."

For an instant he hesitated, as if his better nature moved him, and then he turned toward the door.

"Farewell!" he said, and walked rapidly away. In another second the street-door clashed behind him.

With one heart-breaking cry the girl flung herself on her knees and buried her face in the cushions of the parlor sofa.

"All is over!" she cried, brokenly. "He was my last hold. Henceforth I am reduced to Freshmen!"

#### PREFERENCE.

As the wayfayer in mute wonder stands  
 Before the free-lunch counter with delight,  
 Viewing the morsels at his left and right,  
 The best of which his great respect commands,  
 Like the lone bard he dreams of lotus lands,  
 And in the raptures of his heavenly flight,  
 He takes the tidbit which doth most invite  
 His fancy, in his wasted, weary hands.  
 So I, before these books with gold aglow—  
 Shelley, Keats, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Gray,  
 Cervantes, Schiller, Byron, E. P. Roe—  
 Am sorely puzzled, till I think to say,  
 The while my silver quarter down I throw,  
 "Give me a bright MIDSUMMER PUCK, I pray."

#### ANOTHER KIND OF HALO.

"A telephone girl always reminds me of a pictured saint."

"Why?"

"There is a continual 'hello' around her head."

#### WHAT HE DID KNOW.

"Do you know," asked the temperance worker of Old Burton, "that every drink of malt liquor drives a nail in your coffin?"

"I don't know that; but I know it drives an ale in me," he replied.

#### THE FATE OF THE TIRESOME PERSON.

There came a tiresome person  
 To the office where I basked;  
 And "Is it hot enough for you?"

The tiresome person asked.  
 I punctured him in places  
 "That the wind might whistle thro';"  
 "Go!" I said; "there's just one spot  
 That's hot enough for you."

#### THE ECONOMY OF NATURE.

MR. FARRAR C. SNEEK (to TRAMP).—I never give money to mendicants, but I have a bath ticket for you if you want it.

FRAYED KEEGAN.—Keep it, Mister—no good to me. I rely upon the general humidity for that sort of thing.



THE CUSTOM of appointing clothiers to the Cabinet is now more honored in the breeches than in the observance.

KILLING TIME—Thos. Nast.



#### A FREE SHOW.

MR. STUBBLE.—Hold on, Lucindy; let's wait an' see him shut that mouth. It'll be as good 's a circus, an' won't cost a cent.

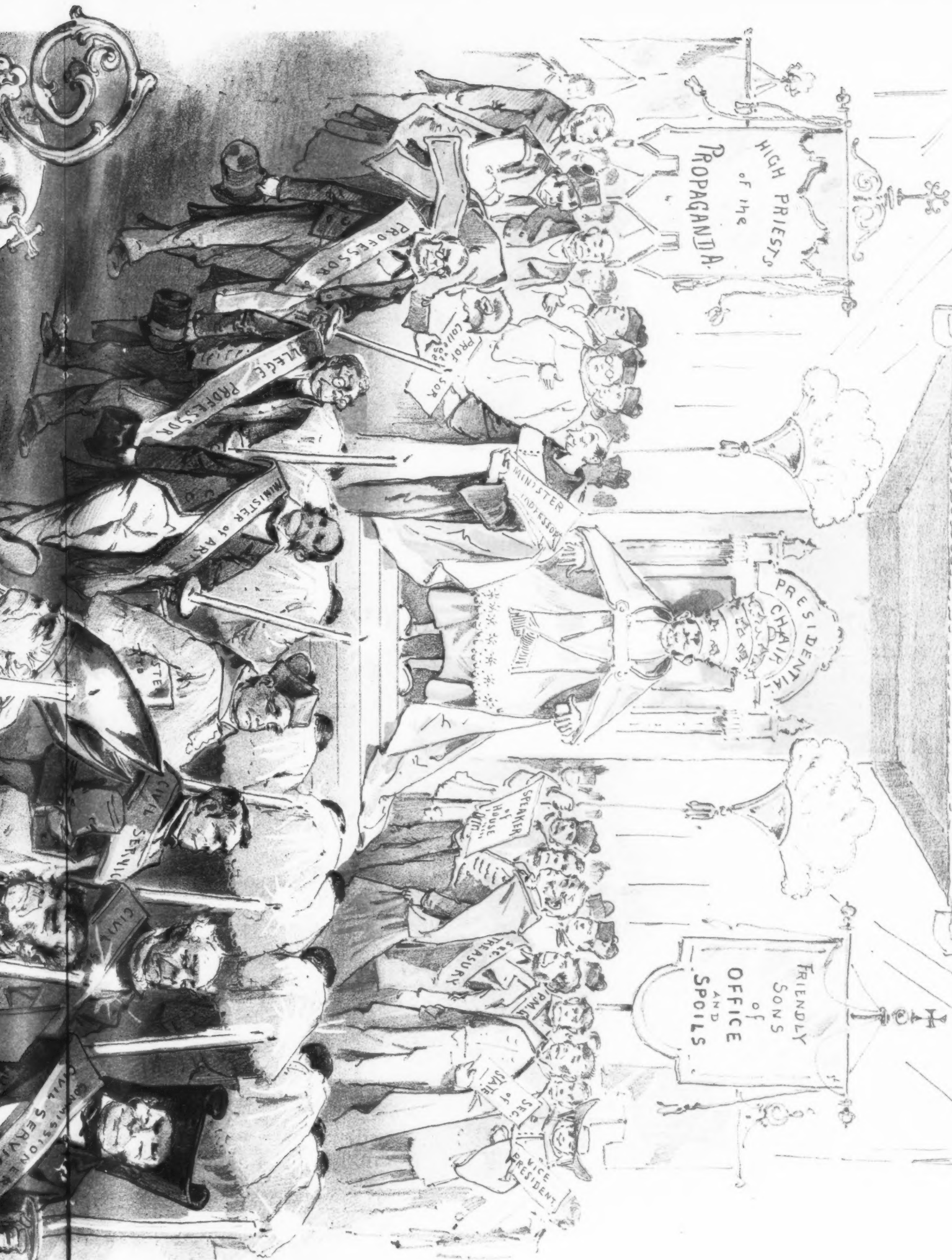


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PUCK.

THE CHURCH FIRST—THE COUNTRY AFTERWARDS.





## THE NEW MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

*Especially Prepared for the Use of the Children in the White House.*



"My dad was old Bill Harry's son,"  
Says the bell of St. Harrison.

"Don't mind what he's sayin',"  
Says the bell of St. Blaine.

"I'm the boss business fakir,"  
Says the bell of St. Wanamaker.

"More pay!" 's on my banner,"  
Says the bell of St. Tanner.

"My 'fat' won the day,"  
Says the bell of St. Quay.

"I am used very rudely,"  
Says the bell of St. Dudley.

"Great fame may be boughten,"  
Says the bell of St. Morton.



Whitelaw Reid has gone to France,  
Campaign-buttons on his "pants;"  
He has got a first-rate chance,  
With a big salaree, oh!

Whitelaw Reid is tall and slim,  
And a great cronee of Jim;  
The New York *Tribune*'s owned by him —  
"Founded by Horace Greeley."



Oh, Secretary Uncle Jerry,  
How do your garden seeds go?  
Cucumber and melon,  
And other stuff you've heard tell on,  
Are all labelled "Pumpkin," I trow.

Mrs. Foster  
Went to Gloucester  
To talk on prohibition.  
She urged water men  
To all vote for Ben —  
Her husband's now got a position.



### TOO MUCH SWEETNESS FALLS.

"ELIJAH," said the President, after a third unsuccessful attempt to arise from his chair, which, through the agency of some mucilaginous substance, clung tenaciously to his trousers;—"Elijah, there is one thing we must do before this Administration goes any farther. We must spot those misguided office-seekers who persist in giving the children candy. The walls and furniture of this house are kept in a perpetual state of stickiness, which is very disagreeable, to say the least. Catch one of the offenders, and make an example of him. Strike his name off the list of eligible applicants, and—there! I've torn them, Elijah, torn them."

A "STRAIGHT" TIP—That It  
Beats Three of a Kind.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS are  
out gunning for those  
prophets who promised a  
dry Summer. Thus far every  
State has gone "wet."

GREEN, AS GRASS—Hay.

DON'T FOOL with the ele-  
ments. It was only when  
we began to "make light of  
it" that electricity showed us  
its full terrors.

MOST REVOLUTIONS nowadays  
are caused by the modern  
printing presses

WHAT'S THE MATTER with the  
Irish? Oh, they're all riot.

SOME MEN are born poor, others  
achieve poverty, and others  
thrust poverty upon other people.

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY—Ten dol-  
lars — instead of ten days.



### AT AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE.

LORD BUMBLEGUSSET. — These are my daughters, Your Highness.

THE SHAH. — *ਮਰਹਮਤ ਮਹਾਰਾਜਾ ਸਾਹਿਬ*!!!

(which being interpreted, means: "It'll be for your interest to hold  
an auction while I'm here, old man.")

### A DEBTOR'S PARADISE.

"It appears to me," said Serena to Sylvester, "that you kiss me entirely too often. I suppose, when we are married people"—and she slightly blushed—"you will not think of kissing me more than nineteen or twenty times a day, whereas now—" and she blushed again.

"Very true," replied Sylvester. "Twenty kisses a day is, I believe, the normal standard. But consider, I am twenty-eight years old; consequently have spent ten thousand unknissed days. Ten thousand multiplied by twenty equals two hundred thousand. That is to say, this alarming deficit will not be made up until I have received two hundred thousand kisses. You understand now what is meant by paying the debt of Nature?"

"Dear me, yes," replied Serena; "but I never knew it meant that!"

### THE PROPHECY.

"I FEEL IT in my bones," he  
said,

"With my belief 't is  
blended,  
That J. G. B. will make a  
splurge,  
Before his term is ended.

"I prophecy he'll feel his oats  
And richness of the clover;  
And may be kick the traces o'er,  
And, what is termed, 'slop  
over.'"

### SILVER QUARTERS—The Mines.

"FAVORS FOR THE GERMAN"—

Yes, and for the Irish, the  
Scandinavian, the Italian; for  
everybody but the American.



## THE ATHLETIC MOVEMENT IN THEATRICAL CIRCLES.



During the Summer the Athletic Actors can enliven the weary hours on the Rialto, as above.



COUNTRY LANDLORD.—Hold on there! Are you fellers tryin' to skip without settlin' up—  
CHORUS OF THESPIANS.—Not at all, old man; we're only practising one of our Athletic Club feats!



Sprint running will be an especially useful accomplishment to some of the Athletic Actors.



Shakspeare to Suit the New Movement.  
MACBETH.—Lay on, Macduff! etc.



MANAGER.—Sorry to discharge you, Jackson; but since you've joined the Actors' Athletic Club you've got a little too robust for the Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet;" but I'll give you the job of handling trunks for the company.

## PUCKERINGS.

SO LONG as statesmen fail to distinguish between the "people" and the "rabble," every man who loves his country will be a pessimist.

AFTER SUSPICION is once directed to a man, there is an "air of mystery" even about the way he happens to sneeze.

THE SUMMER BOARDER can take care of himself; if he can't, a great many landlords are laboring under a big mistake.

AFTER ALL the Democrats are turned out, we may be sure of seeing the G. O. P. come out flat-footed for Civil-Service Reform.

CHICAGO LIVES in an atmosphere of meat. It is a part of the Ills. that flesh is air to.

THESE ARE the times when the cry, "A Million for Missions," is especially appropriate.

TWO SUCH blind men as Milton and Homer rather "down" the venerable proverb that "out of sight is out of mind."

A SEASONABLE HINT—Last Summer's flannel shirt is now worn thin enough to be nearly as cool as linen.

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**Ginger**  
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**Constipation, \*\*\*\*\***  
**Weak Stomach, \*\*\*\*\***  
**Impaired Digestion, \*\*\*\*\***  
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A tailor shop.  
A flouring mill.  
A jewelry store.  
A reading room.  
A starch factory.  
A first-class drug store.  
A sash and door factory.  
A hub and spoke factory.  
A population of 1,500 in 1890.  
A spirit of "up and doing" in every business.  
—The Amery (Wis.) Echo. Wonder what Amery has got?—Prison Mirror.

The Optic office got left on the last Louisiana lottery drawing. The management of the paper has done its best to restrain its young men from this low, vulgar, vicious and disastrous gambling propensity, but all in vain. Jubal Early and G. T. Beauregard will probably still continue to handle so much cash every month earned by our boys in getting out the best paper in New Mexico; but if our counsels could prevail upon them they would buck this money off at our local faro banks, and thereby keep it circulating in our midst, where we most need it.—Las Vegas, N. M., Optic.

#### NEVER ENOUGH.

"Look here, Chawley; you've had enough."  
"No such thing; often had too much, never had enough."—Time.

A FEATHER DUSTER—The Carrier Pigeon.—Time.

#### NO USE OF IT.

"There's no use in a man's going home drunk," said Swisher to Smipkins.  
"Not a bit in the world with such well-kept hotels as we have in this city."—Merchant Traveler.

"HURRY to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice."  
"That is n't Mr. Smith; it is the other young gentleman."  
"Well, wait a minute then. I must change these photographs on the mantel."—Exchange.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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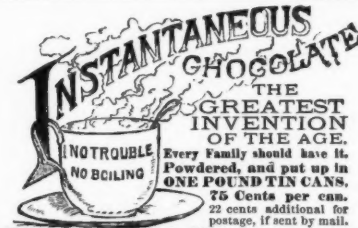
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**"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS."**



## HE ALWAYS WINS.

"Papa, what do they mean when they speak of the reverse side of a coin?"

"The reverse side of a coin," said the old gentleman, without looking up from his paper, "is any side that you happen to name when you are tossing up with the hotel clerk."—*Merchant Traveler*.

MANY of the greatest men of genius have doubtless been single men, their passion for knowledge absorbing all other passions. Probably Newton never knew love, nor even love of fame.

It is said that he once went a-wooing and began to smoke, and that in his forgetfulness he tried to use the forefingers of the lady as a tobacco-stopper. Their courtship was, of course, brought to a sudden end.—*The Young Journalist. Monthly. For People of Intelligence. Published on the First of Each Month at 284 Fourth Avenue, near Twenty-second Street. Eugene Eble, Editor and Sole Proprietor.*

## HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

"Qu'ah thing 'bout dissher law business," said Uncle Jonas.

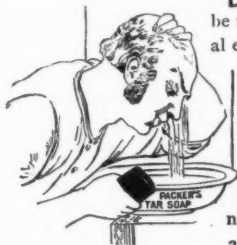
"What 's the matter, Uncle? Have they been mixing you up?"

"Dat 's jess what. I doan un'stan' it."

"What don't you understand?"

"Why I pays de lawyer ten dollars ter git me out er trubble, and de judge he goes ahead anyhow an' does jes ez he pleases erbout it."—*Merchant Traveler*.

THERE is said to be a fourth cousin of President Harrison, living in Virginia, who has not received an office, but the rumor has not been verified.—*Epoch*.



"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS**."

"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

**SCRATCHING** is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

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HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

Don't judge a convict by his clothes. He has nothing to say about the cut, quality or width of the stripes he wears.—*Prison Mirror*.

It is n't the man that plays the races. It's the races that play the man.—*Merchant Traveler*.

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THE DENTAL STUDENT'S REVENGE.  
 "There, sir!" exclaimed the cruel landlady,  
 as she shoved a poor young man into the street,  
 and handed him a bundle containing only his  
 soiled linen. "There, sir, take that, and never  
 dare show your face in my highly-respected  
 boarding-house ag'in. This house is fer decent  
 people as pays their bills, an' you'll never git  
 your trunk until you pay yours. Begone!"  
 Passers-by gazed curiously at the young man  
 as these words flew into the ambient air, and  
 with his heart in his mouth, his soul pierced  
 with the iron of misfortune, yet his pride unsub-  
 dued, he muttered:

"T is a long lane that has no turning; the  
 wheel of fortune never stops, and some day you  
 may be in my power as I am now in yours."  
 "Begone!"

This was the landlady's only response, and it  
 was uttered in tones that startled even the  
 drowsy beetles beneath the stone steps, and the  
 policeman at the corner. The young man, with  
 a powerful effort at self-control, choked down  
 his grief and dragged his weary limbs away.

For weeks he had paced the great, bustling,  
 heartless city looking for work. He had come  
 from a rural village, where he had been a den-  
 tist's assistant, and he had hoped to find a place  
 in the metropolis, where he could earn his living  
 and ultimately attend a dental college until he  
 should become master of his chosen profession.

Fortunately, his evident distress as he was  
 turned from the proud landlady's door attracted  
 the attention of a business man in need of a  
 faithful assistant, and the long lane turned.

Five years are supposed to have elapsed.  
 The once proud landlady is still at the old  
 stand, but she is proud no more. Her once  
 handsome apartments are faded and vacant; her  
 table seats but herself and an occasional near-  
 sighted transient; her larder, never full, is now  
 empty, likewise her purse, which in the halcyon  
 days of five years ago was always full.

Directly opposite are the handsome parlors of  
 a rising young dentist, and on the window, in  
 bold, gilt letters, is this sign:

STEEL-POINTED  
**BOARDING-HOUSE TEETH**  
 A Specialty.

—New York Weekly.

Ladies never have any dyspepsia after a wine glass of Angostura  
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IN THE UNITED STATES.

A SENTIMENTAL poet writes, "How can I meet  
 my darling?" After some deliberation over the  
 question we have come to the conclusion that  
 he can meet her by approaching her from an  
 opposite direction.—*The Whistle.*

THE real estate dealer is the property man of  
 the community.—*Merchant Traveler.*

IT MAY not be patriotic to say so, but under  
 the existing conditions we would rather be an  
 ex-convict than an ex-president.—*Prison Mir-  
 ror.*

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 water and with any tooth wash or powder. Both brush and  
 handle are imperishable.

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This insures to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for **ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS** from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Islds, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.

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I do lift up a hearty prayer that we may never have a President who will not either pursue, and compel his Cabinet advisers to pursue, the civil service policy pure and simple and upon a just basis, allowing men accused to be heard, and deciding against them only upon competent proof and fairly—either have that kind of a civil service, or, for God's sake, let us have that other, frank and bold, if brutal, method of turning men and women out simply for political opinion. Let us have one or the other. — From Gen. Harrison's speech in the U. S. Senate, March 26th, 1886.

J. Ottumum, 14th Rockwood St. N. Y.